

DEMOCRATIC BANNER

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POETRY.

My Heart is with thee.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

When dewy eve closes
Her flowers with a sigh,
And summer's bright roses
Grow pale in the sky;
When spirits seem stooping
Or day in its grave,
Their solemn wings drooping
Afar o'er the wave;
When the love-star is keeping
Her watch o'er the sea,
My warm heart is leaping,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When the breeze with a whisper
Steals soft through the grove,
A sweet, earnest lipser
Of music and love;
When its gentle caressings
Away charm each sigh,
And the still dews, like blessings,
Descend from the sky;
When a deep spell is lying
On hill, vale and lea,
My warm heart is flying,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When stars like sky blossoms
Above seem to blow,
And waves like young bosoms
Are swelling below;
When the voice of the river,
Floats mournfully past,
And the forest's low shiver
Is borne on the blast;
When wild tones are swelling
From earth, air and sea,
My warm heart is dwelling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the night clouds are riding,
Like ghosts on the gale,
And the young moon is gliding,
Sweet, lonely and pale;
When the ocean is sobbing
In ceaseless unrest,
And its great heart is throbbing
All wild in its breast;
When the strong wind is wreathing
With billow and tree,
My warm heart is nestling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the song birds are dreaming,
Of blossoms and love,
And green leaves are gleaming
In moonlight above;
When silence leans listening
From heaven's blue steep,
And the shot-star streams glistening
Above the blue deep;
When love seems unspringing
Bright, boundless and free,
My warm heart is clinging,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When in slumber thy fancies
In loveliness gleam,
And a thousand romances
Are bright in thy dream;
When visions of brightness
Like young angels start
In beautiful lightness
All wild from thy heart,
When thy calm sleep is giving
Thy dream wings to thee,
O, say, art thou living,
Sweet spirit, with me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

Full half of mankind will never get through searching up money-matches for themselves, until the other half has done with holding the money. That is a fixed fact, which no one will attempt to call in question.

Tom Turnabout was one of the penniless ones. Not that it was, by any means, the fault of his own, but it merely happened to be so; it was "in his stars" to be poor. And what made the matter worse, beside being poor, *per se*, he was a poor barrister—a situation rendered by all odds exquisitely distressing; for a briefless barrister is always short of everything, from soap to suits.

Tom, was, withal, an individual of more than ordinary personal attractions—so far the opinion of the majority of the other sex went—and upon this opinion he early determined to found pretty much all his future. With his affable and excessively social manners, it would have been no wonder at all if he did not have to undergo many a pang in the measurement of his living by his circumstances.

At last, by one of those most fortunate of the dice of chance of which we read or hear but rarely, Tom Turnabout was married, and to a lady of fortune. It seemed to him as if the fortune was expressly accumulated for his use and behoof alone. And on his wedding day no man was anywhere to be found, who could make show of a larger share of enjoyment in prospect.

Matters went on well enough for a time—as well, perhaps, as ought to have been expected; for the "briefless barrister" was now possessed of a comfortable home, and assured of an excellent living, together with a young and pretty wife; for Mrs. Euphrasia Turnabout, as every

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

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lady said, was a very pretty young woman. Her hair curled, her eyes were of a jet black, her hand was delicate and of a lily-white, and she knew how to dispense the most gracious and bewitching smiles; how could she be otherwise than pretty? And if pretty, likewise amiable? At least, so thought for a time Tom Turnabout, Esq., who esteemed himself her liege lord and master.

But there was one thing that seriously troubled Tom, and that was, how to broach the subject of coming into due possession and management of his wife's property. For this he had married; could it be that he was no better off now? The thought alone made him giddy. He went round and round the subject in his mind for a long time, at each revolution only becoming the more perplexed. At no single time dared he to nerve his courage up to the effort necessary to be made in order to have the matter completely understood between them. Euphrasia had never attended to the subject of money, simply going ahead and managing the household as if she had fully resolved to count at least one in its management and classification. Tom had repeatedly hinted to her about 'deposits,' 'bank stock,' 'taxes,' and all the other minute appurtenances to the possession of a fortune, but hitherto to just no purpose at all: she made neither revelation nor explanation—least of all did she betray her native acuteness of readily taking a hint.

Such a state of affairs was fast worrying Tom into a fit of desperation, if not into his grave, and he finally made up his mind to come to an understanding, in some way or another, just as soon as practicable.

So long as it was necessary to keep the embers of hope alive, he had sedulously avoided all his former acquaintance, lest he might too suddenly give a shock to the delicate nerves of his wife, and so lose his chances altogether. But as soon as he found that disguise helped him not a whit, he screwed up his courage to venturing a bold push that should settle all. He finally became a convert to the sentiment so epigrammatically expressed by the poet:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

Accordingly he laid himself out to bring matters to a head at once.

"Dick," said he to a companion of his, one afternoon, as they sat together in the little office of the latter—"Dick, I'm in a quandary!"

"A quandary!"

"Yes."

"About what?"

"I want some money."

"You want money! Why, how much did you marry, pray?"

"More than I shall ever get. I fear."

"Well, that's a good one! But what's the trouble?"

"Do you keep a secret?" asked Tom, in a whisper.

"Try me, and see."

"I married money, you know."

"Everybody says so, at any rate."

"And everybody thinks so but me! There's a plenty of money in the case, but unluckily there's none to be had! I can't lay hold of it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dick, in his face.

"You laugh, but what would you do?"

"What would I do?"

"Yes—what shall I do?"

"Nothing is easier," replied Dick.

"I hope not," said Tom, "but how shall I go to work?"

"Have you broached the subject to your better half?"

"Haven't dared to; she won't let me, in fact!"

"Then run up a bill or two."

"Then what?" asked Tom, earnestly.

"Have it sent in at such a time to the house, and be sure not to be at home."

"I never thought of that."

"She'll either pay it or blow," continued Dick.

"But what if the latter?"

"Then you've got at the core of your subject, and you can go ahead after that as circumstances will best allow."

"I'll try it—I'll act on your happy suggestion!"

"Why not at once?"

"True; what will you have? Shall we go into Carter's and get one of his nicest teams and take a drive out to Spikeville?"

"You couldn't have hit the nail more exactly on the head; let's go at once!" said Dick.

That was a "fast" afternoon—the remainder of it—and it began a new era. To be sure, it was a step taken in the dark, but Tom hoped that it would lead to happy results and plenty of ready money.

was burning up with disappointment and chagrin.

He declared within himself that he could stand it no longer. It was a few steps beyond human endurance. Better die at once than live long in this suspense.

"Euphrasia, was there anything brought here this morning for me?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "there were three bills for horse-hire, and confectionary, refreshments, one thing and another; but I didn't read them particular;—you know that's not a lady's business."

"Was there a bill for furniture, to be inquired the agitated Tom.

"Yes, dear; I paid that and took a receipt; but the others, your personal matters, you know—those I carefully placed in your *escritoire*, where you could readily find them when you wished to. I hope you do not consider me too inquisitive in just looking at them to see what they were!"

Tom was not possessed of any too much philosophy, and this last serious sally of his wife quite upset what little he had. Swallowing his dinner as fast as he could with safety do it, he pushed as fast as he could go for his office. Ere long his old friend, Dick, made his appearance.

"Well," said Dick, "how goes it, Tom?"

"It's no go," surlily answered Tom.

"How now? Were the bills paid?"

Tom explained the whole.

His friend admitted that it would be exceedingly hard to get round a woman who understood herself as well as did his wife, more particularly when she held the purse-strings.

Tom gave it up altogether. That afternoon was spent by him in reflecting upon the extreme worthlessness of his dependence for an independent living upon another, and in forming a strong resolution to go ahead and do something for himself.

The lesson he learned chanced to be a most valuable one, which many a married wife may at her leisure give her husband, to his decided advantage.

Tom Turnabout, Esq., afterwards turned out quite a respectable member of his profession; enough so, at any rate, to be able to earn sufficient to pay his carriage and oyster-house scores. At home he never knew what trouble meant.

SPEEDY JUSTICE.—On Saturday night, after twelve o'clock, some person entered several rooms of the Barret House, in which guests were sleeping, and stole therefrom a couple of watches. Suspicion having rested on an individual by the name of Hardin, from Ft. Madison, he was arrested, brought before the Justice, examined and committed to jail by noon on Sunday. On Tuesday morning the Grand Jury found a bill of indictment against him; in the afternoon of the same day, he was tried, found guilty, and, on Wednesday morning, sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.—[Burlington Telegraph.]

Barnum's New Enterprise.—The Mirror states that a locomotive museum is now in course of preparation, at New York, and will be ready to start on its travels early in May. It is to be called "Barnum's American Museum," and will comprise a complete menagerie of living animals, a large collection of wax statuary on the plan of Madame Tassaud's exhibition, a great number of miscellaneous curiosities, giants, dwarfs and all the principal features which characterize the museums of large cities.—General Tom Thumb accompanies the establishment. The travelling paraphernalia is one of the most costly and gorgeous description. The exhibition will be given under an immense variegated pavilion.—Mr. S. B. June, the famous wild beast hunter, and several other agents are now in various parts of the globe in search of novelties for this exhibition, which will be added as fast as they arrive in the country.—Some half a million dollars are to be invested in this mammoth enterprise.

MARRIED.—Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, ex-Chancellor of New York, was married on the 17th inst., at Harrodsburg Springs, Ky., to Mrs. Sarah E. Smith, of Jacksonville, Ill., widow of the late Colonel Hardin, who was killed at the battle of Buena Vista. Mr. Walworth was a widower, his first wife having died about two years since.

Some years ago, a medical student, who had paid more attention to billiards than anatomy, was brought before a professor for examination, when the following questions and replies were passed:—What would you do first in case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder? "I should wait until he came down." "Well, sir, if I should knock you down for that impertinent reply, what muscles would it put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should floor you immediately."

A GREAT MAN.—George Lippard, in his new book called the *Nazarine*, thus speaks of President Jackson: He was a man!—Well, I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair—I can see that old warrior's face with its snow white hair, even now. We told him of the public distress—the manufacturers ruined, the eagles shrouded in crape, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence Square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the deposits where they were; to uphold the Great Bank in Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members more fiery than the rest, intimated that if the Bank were crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose—I can see him yet. "Come!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, as his clenched right hand was above his white hairs—"Come with bayonets in your hands instead of petitions—surround the White House with your legions—I am ready for you all! By the Eternal! With the people at my back whom your gold can neither buy nor awe, I will swing you up around the Capital, each rebel of you—on a gibbet—high as Haman's."

"When I think," says the author, "of that one man standing there at Washington battling with all the powers of Bank, and Panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice could hiss or the fiend of falsehood howl—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock, and folding his arms for the blow, while he uttered his awful vow, 'By the Eternal! I will not swerve one inch from the course I have chosen!'—I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome—nay the proudest days of Cromwell or Napoleon cannot furnish an instance of a will like that of ANDREW JACKSON, when he placed life and soul and fame, on the hazard of a die for the people's welfare."

"HONOR TO WOMAN."—We have read with infinite pleasures, eulogiums on the sex, from Mungo Park, Ladyard, Schiller, and every gallant writer of modern times, but the Macon (Ala.) Republican beats them all. Here it is:

Women and Newspapers.—Women are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, Magazines, etc. We have been editor now going on eight years, and we have never yet lost a single dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the printer,—two classes of the community that suffer more by bad pay (and no pay at all) than all the rest put together.—Whenever we have a woman's name on our book we know it is just as good for two dollars and a half as a pica-yune is for a ginger cake. Besides, whatever they subscribe for they read, whether it be good, bad or indifferent. If they once subscribe for a paper they are sure to read it, upon the principle, we suppose, that if they did not their money would be thrown away—as an old lady, whom we once knew, for whose sick servant girl the Doctor had prescribed a dose of oil; but as the girl would not take the oil, she took it herself rather than let it be wasted. Hence, we say, they are the best readers. For these reasons, we had, any time in the world, rather have a dozen women on our books than one man.

A NUN'S WISH.—Southey, in his "Omnium," relates the following:

"When I was last in Lisbon, a nun made her escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

A GOOD TRICK.

"My son," said a father, "take that jug, and fetch me some beer."

"Give me the money, then, father."

"My son, to get the beer with money, any body can do that, but to get the beer without money, that's a trick."

"So the boy takes the jug, and out he goes; shortly, he returns, and places the jug before his father."

"Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink," says the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?"

"To drink beer out of a jug," says the boy, "where there is beer, any body can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug where there is no beer, that's a trick!"

"We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations," as the hen-pecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to be separated from her. "Parson," said he, "I beg you won't mention the circumstance again."

JAMES BUCHANAN.—We cannot forget the pleasure of laying the following letter of this distinguished and patriotic statesman before our readers. We cordially approve every word of it. All our national difficulties and calamities have had their origin in the tendency of federal authority to encroach upon the rights of the States, and to assume authority to legislate upon local and sectional objects. We have been convinced for years that there was no other effective remedy for the evils with which the country is afflicted, than a return to those pure doctrines of republicanism embraced in the preamble and resolutions of the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee, the first drawn by Mr. Jefferson, and the second by Mr. Madison. They were, indeed, men who could see far ahead of the generation in which they lived. They foresaw, as with a prophet's vision, what is now occurring, and they labored with a zeal and devotedness above all praise to avert the resulting evils, by establishing a system of rules of constitutional construction as would serve as an infallible guide. But to the letter of Mr. BUCHANAN.—Times.

WHEATLAND, April 10, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your kind letter of the 2d inst., with the resolutions adopted by the Central Southern Rights Association of Virginia, inviting me to address the Association at such a time as may suit my convenience, and to counsel with them "in regard to the best means to be adopted in the present alarming crisis, for the maintenance of the constitution and the Union of the States in their original purity."

I should esteem it both a high honor and a great privilege, to comply with this request, and therefore regret to say, that engagements, which I need not specify, render it impossible for me to visit Richmond during the present or probably the next month.

The Association do me no more than Justice, when attributing to me a strong desire "for the maintenance of the constitution and the Union of the States in their original purity." Whilst few men in this country would venture to avow a different sentiment, yet the question still remains, by what means can this all-important purpose be best accomplished? I feel no hesitation in answering, by a return to the old Virginia platform of States rights, presented by the resolutions of 1798 and '99, and Mr. Madison's report. The powers conferred by the constitution upon the general government must be construed strictly, and Congress must abstain from the exercise of all doubtful powers. But, it is said, these are mere unmeaning abstractions—and so they are, unless honestly carried into practice. Like the Christian's faith, however, when it is genuine, good works will inevitably flow from a sincere belief in such a strict construction of the constitution.—Were this old republican principle adopted in practice, we should no longer witness warrantable and dangerous attempts in Congress to interfere with the institutions of domestic slavery, which belong exclusively to the States where it exists—there would be no efforts to establish high protective tariffs—the public money would not be squandered upon a grand system of internal improvements, general in name, but partial in its very nature, and corrupting in its tendency, both to the government and to the people; and we would retrench our present extravagant expenditures, pay our national debt, and return to the practice of a wise economy, so essential both to public and private prosperity. Were I permitted to address your Association, these are the counsels I should give and some of the topics I should discuss, as the best means "for the maintenance both of the Constitution and the Union of the States, in their original purity," and for the perpetuation of our great and glorious confederacy.

With sentiments of high regard, I remain, Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

To G. Scott, C. S. Morgan, and Thos. E. Jeter, Committee of the Central Southern Rights Association of Virginia.

ALMOST AN ELOPEMENT.—A man living in Croton, in this county, who has a wife and three children, started a few days since from Athens, on the opposite side of the Des Moines river from Croton, to runaway with an other man's wife, but after rowing the skiff in which they were some two miles down the river, he began to think it would not pay, so he told the woman that he would not go any further, that he could not "leave his poor children," so he turned back, landed his "frail one" and her goods at her husband's residence, rowed the skiff out to a sand bar in the middle of the stream, and left it, waded ashore, and returned to his "first love," a wiser, sadder and more contented man, where we hope he will continue to stay and take care of not only his "poor children," but his lawful spouse.—[Iowa Statesman.]

BRIGHT.—A lad was troubled with the toothache, determined to have the offender extracted, but there being no dentist living near, he resolved to do the job himself! whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, and set it on fire, and then ran!